

TEMPERANCE NOTES

Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

SHOULD TELL WHOLE STORY

Newspaper Reporters Ought to Give Brand and Maker of Whisky Responsible for Brutal Crimes.

In New York city recently a man murdered his twelve-year-old daughter and wounded his wife. We quote from his confession as printed in the Evening Mail's account of the tragedy:

"I came home about midnight. I had had several drinks before coming home. I sat down by the side of my wife's bed. . . . Then my wife woke up. . . . She ran into the hall. As she did so I fired one shot at her. She fell in a heap in the hall. I thought I had killed her. Turning back into the bedroom, I saw a movement underneath the bedclothes. By this time I was in a terrible temper and I fired three shots into the bedclothes without looking to make sure who was there. . . ."

We wish we could bring about a state where no newspaper or reporter, in a case like this, would consider his story complete until he had found out the brand of whisky that the murderer drank, and got the name and photograph of the maker of it. There are a good many sad things about our civilization, but few more discouraging than the fact that men who make whisky and use all the arts of trade to stimulate its consumption are able, by virtue of their money, to escape the odium which attaches to all others, like gamblers and panders, who stimulate crime and profit by exploiting human weakness.—Collier's Weekly.

We agree with Collier's that the reporter should in such cases tell the brand of whisky which caused the crime, and give the name and photograph of its maker. But the story is not complete even then. Let it be told who it is that makes possible the liquor manufacturer and the liquor seller; who it is that says to the whisky-maker, "Go ahead—you may produce any brand you choose provided you pay well for the privilege." Let every voting citizen put to himself the question, "Who is responsible for crimes committed by drink-crazed men?" Happy is he who can truthfully say, "Not I!"

THEY NEVER SAW DRUNKARD

Only One Child in Crowd of Two Thousand at Sunday School Rally Ever Saw Intoxicated Man.

There was a great Sunday school rally in Maine a while ago, said Mrs. Antoinette A. Hawley, editor of the W. C. T. U. paper of the state of Colorado, and two thousand children looked into the face of a man who asked: "How many of you ever saw a drunken man?" Only one child raised his hand. Why? Because in March, 109 years ago, Neal Dow was born. A bank director, identified with large corporations and a conspicuous helper of his fellow men; a general in the army that served the Union; a Quaker, too, which helped mightily for Quakers are bred to stand up for what they believe—back and forth he went over the state in his little cutter, wrapped in fur, a hot soapstone at his feet, and the flame of a bright enthusiasm in his heart; back and forth he went, "sowing" as he said, "the state knee deep with literature," but better than that, sowing it heart deep with his own incarnated convictions.

And lo, the harvest! A state redeemed; 1,999 children out of a bunch of 2,000 who never saw a drunkard; a state clean from saloon signs and open traps for their young feet.

WORKING ON ANOTHER TACK

In Endeavor to Reform Drinking Man Temperance People Now Trying to Throttle Liquor Traffic.

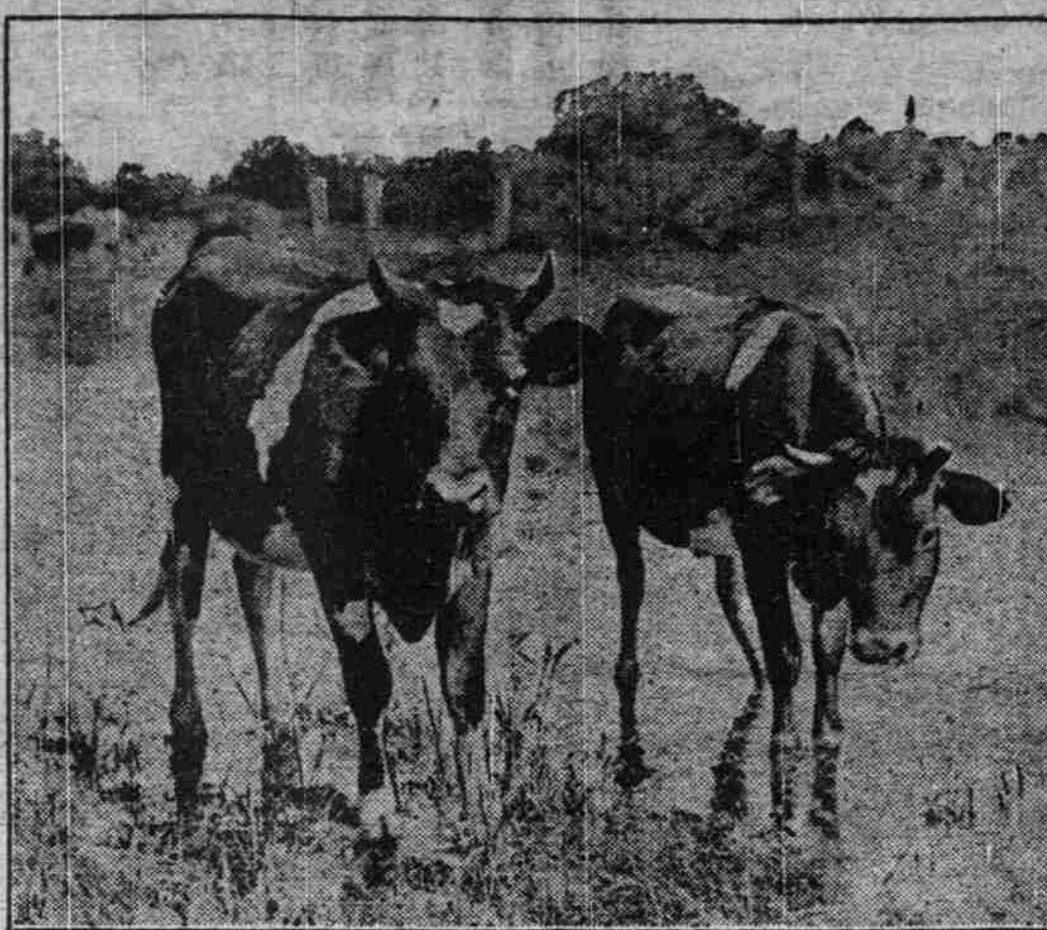
Formerly temperance workers, says Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin, devoted their efforts to an endeavor to persuade a man not to drink, in the hope of reforming him. Nowadays we see that the thing to do is to throttle the liquor traffic. In accomplishing this latter, and far more difficult and dangerous task, we are performing for society a "once for all" service which will have hundreds and thousands of boys and girls from the temptations and allurements of the liquor evil. While we recognize that the rescue missions of our cities are doing a work the value of which is immeasurable, we must magnify the necessity for the "once for all" service which shall render unnecessary a large part of this form of endeavor.

Leave Liquor Alone.
The brewer can ride in a coach and pair. The drinker must trudge on the road. One gets through the world with a jaunty air.

The other bends under a load.
The brewer gets money and friends, my lad.
While the drinker's left poor and alone;
If you'd have your share of good things, take care.
And leave the liquor alone.

Incarnate Death.
The value of alcohol as a preservative is due solely to its life-destroying property. Science has proclaimed alcohol to be incarnate death.

ADVANTAGES IN KEEPING FARM ACCOUNTS



Young Money Makers.

(By MRS. A. J. WILDER.)
The accounts are balanced for the past year and the books closed. It is too late now to make any difference in the showing and we can only prove our advance in knowledge by doing better this year.

Here is where the farmer who keeps his accounts in shape and also keeps a record of the work done on the farm, has the advantage of the one who thinks it is too much trouble to keep books. The farmer who does not keep the farm accounts has a small chance of profiting by either his mistakes or his successes to the full extent. Although one part of the farm business may be making him a good profit and another be running him behind he is nearly as apt to increase the losing branch as the paying one.

Of course a man can keep a good deal of his business in his head, but if you have never made the trial you will be surprised at how different the idea you have in your head may be from what the books will show.

Perhaps the past year has not been as successful as you had hoped it would be. You may be just a little discouraged over the balance in your favor at the bank, but if you have increased the fertility of an acre of your land, there is a balance in another kind of bank, and one where there is no danger of the cashier absconding with the funds.

The increased productiveness of the soil is a balance in his favor that very few farmers take into account and it is just as real and tangible as a money balance at the bank in town.

Talking of accounts—there have been some articles going the rounds lately, telling the farmer that in order to ascertain if he is making any profit from his farming operations he must add to his list of expenses each year interest on the worth of his farm and all his farm equipment, considering it as so much money invested, which of course it is. The income from the farm must pay this interest as well as all running expenses and what is left after this is profit.

IMPROVEMENT OF CHICKEN FLOCK

Strong, Rugged Health and Early Maturity Two Great Points to Consider.

(By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.)
An old saying with breeders of live stock is that the best cross is with the feed bin. We say that this is the only cross that should ever be made with chickens.

History fails to show a single instance where any man gained in his breeding operations through crossing two distinct breeds. It is perfectly true that the resulting offspring are frequently sturdier and grow faster than either of their parent breeds. They may even lay more eggs, but they are almost certain to fall totally in passing on desirable characteristics, and the third generation will be far inferior to the original breeds used in the cross. Crossing breaks up all the lines of heredity and is of value only in producing new breeds, and very rarely then.

Don't try to get better chickens by crossing two established breeds, because you will surely fail, and don't waste your time trying to grade up a scrub flock by using pure-bred males because life is so short. Start with pure breeds and bring up the health and productivity of your flock by weeding out the non-producers and selecting the young breeders with great care. Pick out next year's breeders while they are small and watch them carefully as they develop.

Strong, rugged health and early maturity are the two great points to consider for the poultryman who wants flesh and eggs above feathers.

Separate the pullets from the cockerels as soon as you place the youngsters in the colony, roosting coops. Both sexes will develop better from then on if separated as far as possible. Have birds of the same size together to avoid crowding and stunting the smaller ones.

Remember that the pullet which shows a red comb first will usually lay first, and the one that lays first

This is all very well and good business, provided the other side of the account is kept with equal care.

Don't forget to give the farm credit for the living of the family. If the interest on the investment is to be figured at city interest rates, then sell yourself all those fresh eggs, frying, roasting and broiling chickens and fresh fruits and vegetables at city prices and give the farm credit. If every bushel of grain or ball of hay that old Dobbin eats is to be charged to the running expenses of the farm, then hire old Dobbin at livery rates whenever you or the family take a Sunday drive, or drive to visit one of the neighbors. What about the automobile? When you get to that stage you are probably past counting expenses.

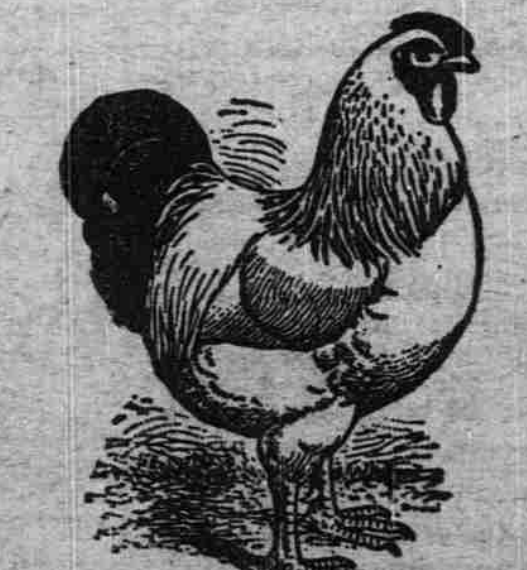
There is also the question of fuel. What farmer who has his own wood growing on the place ever makes any account of what it is worth. While we are setting down the debts and credits let's give the farm credit for the wood at market prices. It will help toward balancing the wages of the hired man, which have already been put down on the debit side, and will be no more than fair.

Then there is the item of house rent. If we make the farm pay interest on the money invested in the houses and barns we have no right to use them without allowing a fair rent. To do so would be making the farm pay twice. Really we ought also to allow rent on the land to the credit of the farm. It would help it, you know, to pay its interest money when due.

There are, you see, two sides to this question of accounts as well as to every other question.

While every farmer should keep accounts with and of the farm, he should not be misled into falsifying them. If these items on the credit side are omitted or forgotten, while all the debts are carefully put down, there is apt to be a feeling of dissatisfaction with the year's work, which is unnecessary.

has the best constitution, makes an excellent breeder and lays the most eggs. Watch for these precocious little ladies and then mark or brand them at once, so that you can put them in the best pen the following breeding season. A good constitution is of the very greatest possible importance. It is indicated by bright red comb and wattles, sleek plumage, strong, round legs, good frame, bright full eyes, short broad head, short, strong curved beak and early maturity. The breast bone should be deep and the back broad. Legs set wide



Dual Purpose Type.

apart indicate a large chest and body cavity. Avoid like a plague a long, lean, rangy bird with a hawk beak, narrow head, sunken eye and knock-kneed legs. They are worse than useless, regardless of the excellence of their coloring.

Sort them out while they are young, before their mature plumage covers up the most glaring defects.

Planting Carnations.
Set carnation slips in the garden, care for them, leave until September, cutting off any buds, and the last of September pot, setting in a cool place, give plenty of air and sunshine. Shower occasionally with weak tobacco water to prevent green fly.

Peach Tree Borer.
Mr. Peach Tree Borer is busy these days. Get after him with a piece of sharp wire.

BAD FOR PESSIMIST

Not True That Great Body of Country's Students Are Turning From Religion.

Pessimists are usually out of the game. People at work are the ones who are sure something will come of it. Foreign missionaries are the ones who believe in foreign peoples. Workers among immigrants find it hard to be patient with men who sneer at the "wops" and "dagos," and others. Arm-chair critics can dismiss foreign missions with two sentences and a sniff—may even dispense with the sentences, though the sniff is necessary. People who are at it are sure it can be done, and sure also that it is being done.

Here is a young man spending his whole life in Christian work in colleges. He sees student life from the inside. He has been in several state universities. In one of them there was a meeting of 3,000 students, and 300 started out to follow Christ. In another were held four meetings, averaging a thousand each. This young man writes, "There is no question in my mind of a decided improvement in the moral and religious life of American students." Improvement? What does he mean? Does he not know that students are losing their faith and their morals and their character? Does he not realize that faculties are in league with the forces of evil? Or is it possible that our friends who have been saying so have the disadvantage of not knowing anything about it? Is it possible that they are thinking of a few instances, and have missed the real current? At any rate, this man who is at the task seems much encouraged about it.

One Source of Weakness.
Of course, one must take into account the story of Phillips Brooks, who would not agree that church attendance was falling off because everywhere he went he found such large congregations. This man whom we have quoted is the kind of man to whom students would make response. That in itself is a suggestive fact, however. Perhaps the weakness of the religious situation in our schools is that we have not frankly handled it. Probably if we had paid no more heed to the biological elements in our educational institutions than we have to the religious, we would be the laughing-stock of Europe. We get in our colleges just about what we go after, and when the educational leaders are ready to give heed to the religious phases of universities and colleges they will find the students ready. If they take the matter lightly, the students will do so.

There are a great many good men who cannot teach chemistry with any inspiration. A chemical department of a college under the guidance of one of those men is lost before it begins. The religious department, its Bible study, its Christian training, is lost also if it falls into the hands of a man with no inspiration, and without the power of leadership. There is nothing occult or mysterious about it. We can have a keen, strong religious life in our colleges and universities just as soon as we want it. More and more we are wanting it, and wherever we want it intelligently we are finding men like this one to whom the students respond.

Meanwhile it is people who are at anything big who are sure of it and rejoice in it.—The Continent.

Christian Duty.
"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah 6:8.

"Do justly." I am to pay reverent and scrupulous regard to common rights. My outlook is always to include my neighbor and what is due to him. I am never to tamper with the scales to my own profit. I am to have no unjust weights in any of my relationships. And this covers every kind of commerce, even the commerce of words. There is to be no false emphasis in my speech, no exaggeration, and no short weight. Every word is to have its own true weight, for "by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

"Love mercy." The scales may be weighed in fairness to my brother. I must give him "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over." I must deal not only in justice but in mercy. Nay, mercy is the finest and most finished justice. Mercy is the most intimate kinsman of truth. And when we "love mercy" we are in the home of truth.

"Walk humbly with thy God." In this companionship all graces will be born. No pride can live in this fellowship, no meanness, no hardness, no injustice. If I keep near God I can never be alien to my brother. When I abide in the Lord my soul will be "as a well-watered garden."—Rev. J. H. Jowett, D. D.

Ravages of Sin.
A brittle thing is our earthly happiness—brittle as some thin vase of Venetian glass; yet neither anxiety, nor sorrow, nor dart of death, which is mightier than the oak-cleaving thunderbolt, can shatter a thing even so brittle as the earthly happiness of our poor little homes if we place that happiness under the care of God. But though neither anguish nor death can break it at a touch, and selfishness can shatter it, just as there are acids which will shiver the Venetian glass, Sin and selfishness—God's balm does not heal in this world the ravages which they caused.—Canon Farrar.

SMILES

LITTLE FISHES.

Some of the party in the clubroom were swapping fish stories and of course the size of the talk was all out of proportion to the size of the fishes. Finally Charles Kenyon, the playwright, smiled.

"Reminds me," he explained, "of a fishing party down in Florida. One afternoon three of the fellows went out and the biggest thing they caught was about four inches long. This, however, was no damper on their happiness, and to everybody they proudly exhibited the catch.

"By the way," said a charming young lady, to whom the string was shown, "fishes go in schools, do they not?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the happy fisherman. "Why do you ask?"

"Merely a fancy of mine," sweetly responded the young lady; "I was thinking that you must have broken up the infant class."

Was Disappointed.
J. H. Kempner, chief of the Cincinnati kinemacolor headquarters, had been pestered by the family washerwoman for passes to the show.

"Ah, shorely do wanner see dem only real cullud movin' pitchers," said she. Finally Mr. Kempner gave her a couple of passes for some gallery seats, and the following Monday morning when she reported for her regular weekly engagement he inquired:

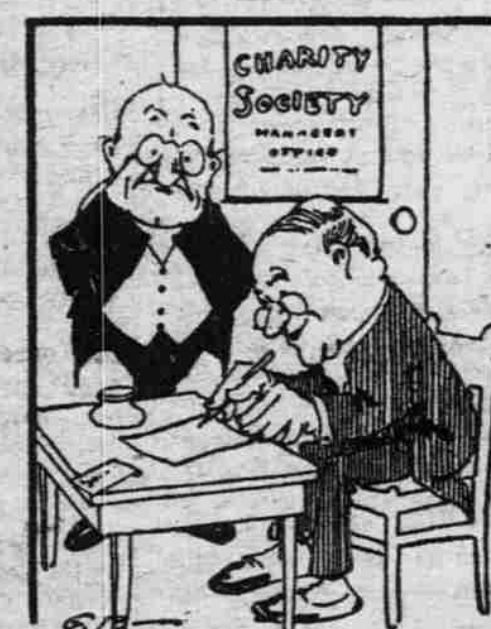
"Well, auntie, how did you like the show?"

"Deed, Mistah Kempner, dat sutnly wuz some fine show, an' dem dresses is shore gorgeous, but ah was a mite dispirited."

"How was that, auntie?" asked Kempner. "What was wrong?"

"Oh, ah didn't see no real cullud folks in de play, Mistah Kempner, an' you adumtments shorely does say so."

OFTEN THUS.



Manager of Charity Society—Put that \$50 that Mr. Blowhardt gave in the vanity fund.

Secretary—Why?

Manager of Charity Society—He only gave it to please his vanity.

Looking Back.
I remember, I remember,
It was long ago, I guess,
When "Little Annie Rooney"
Was the reigning song success.

Clever Daughter.
"Mamma, don't you think Schiller quite out of date?"

"I certainly do."

"I'm so glad. I just smashed his statuette in the drawing room."

Oh, These Women!
Patricia—I've heard some perfectly awful stories about your husband.

Clarice—Oh, do tell them to me! Perhaps I can make him give me a new gown or two.—Judge.

He Knew Better.
"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus."

"Well," said a man in an undertone, who was standing in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of the taxi at the court door."

Way Out.
Kicker—A judge has ruled that a woman shouldn't spend more on clothes than on rent.

Mrs. Knocker—Well, then, we shall have to pay higher rent.

His Fear.
"Russian czars do not seem to care much about going to Finland."

"Naturally. There is always a prospect that if they go there they will see their Finnish."

Not the Same.
"I suppose the writer had a poet's license to say what he did."

"Where did he get his license, pop? Was it the same place where we got our dogs?"

Pampered Pitcher.
"Didn't I see you turn on the electric light just now?" demanded the manager of the ball team severely.

"You did," admitted the \$2,000 pitcher.

"Always call a bellboy to do that. You gotta take care of that wing."

The Training.
"I don't want my boy to be fast when he grows up. What sort of training should I give him?"

"Why not make him a messenger boy?"

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

"That wig of yours is a wonderful improvement, Mr. Wellon; it conceals the shape of your head."

"They slandered you, old chap, when they said you had a bigger load last night than you could carry. You carried it beautifully."

"You're looking fine, Bilderback, for a man who eats too much, drinks too much, and takes too much rest."

"You and your neighbors seem to get along splendidly, Mrs. Fladger; I suppose they have become used to your peculiarities."

"I'd take your note, old boy, for any amount not exceeding 50 cents."

PUT HIM WISE.



Her Father—I've no objections to your marrying my daughter, but I hope you've got a good digestion.

Her Suitor—Why?

Her Father—Well, she's been going to a cooking school for the last two months.

Breaking It to Him Gently.
"I would like to get a vacation for two weeks."

"This is a very busy time with us. Why do you want a vacation?"

"I have made arrangements to get married."

"To get married? Why, my boy, you can't support a wife on your salary?"

"I know, but I thought if I got married you might be willing to give me a raise. You see, the lady is your daughter."

Camera Man's Fault.
"My! Isn't this a thrilling moving picture! Real lions in the jungles of Africa."

"Ahem! Do you suppose there are any billboards in the jungles of Africa?"

"I guess not. Why do you ask?"

"Just now I caught a glimpse of something through a rift in the 'jungle' undergrowth that looked very much like an advertisement of somebody's perfect fitting clothes."

Breaking It Gently.
Maid—"Thieves got into a house in this street last night and stole all the silver."

Mistress—"What stupid people to leave things unlocked! Whose house was it?"

Maid—"It was No. 7."

Mistress—"Why, that is our house!"

Maid—"Yes, ma'am, but I did not want to frighten you."—Judge.

His Idea.
"I understand," said the Married Man in the art gallery, "why the Venus of Milo is considered the ideal woman."

"What's the answer?"

"Being armless, she couldn't go through her husband's pockets."

JUST A JEST.



Spectator (at Marathon race to runner far behind)—Hurry up—you'll win yet.

Runner—Shut up! I don't belong to that bunch in front. I'm the first man of another bunch behind.

His Advertising Chance.
"I suppose the parents of young Lord Softpate must feel dreadfully cut up over his engagement to little Tottie Poser of the Gayety."

"Cut up! Why, say, if it wasn't for Tottie nobody would ever have known that Softie had any parents!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Angel, All Right.
Bacon: "And you say his wife keeps a record of everything he does?"

Egbert: "Yes; that is why he calls her his 'recording angel,' you know."